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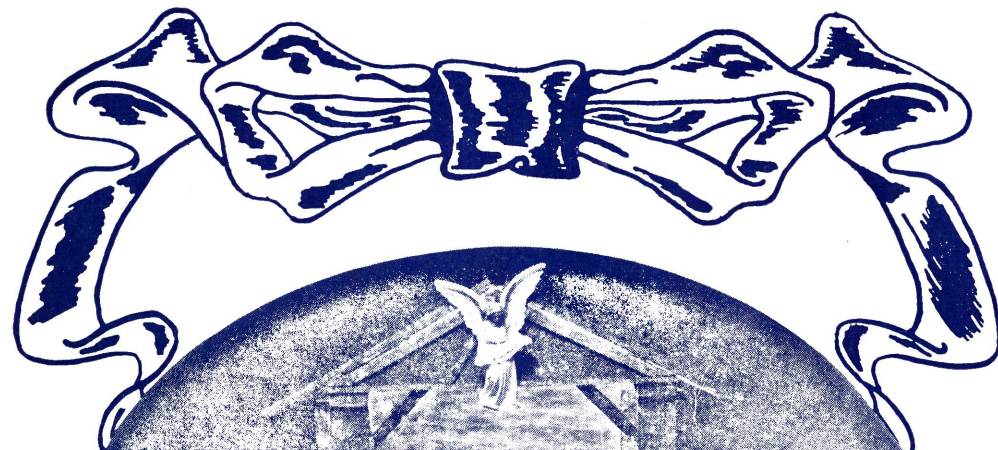
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SEASON'S GREETINGS



The
**STUDENT'S
PEN**

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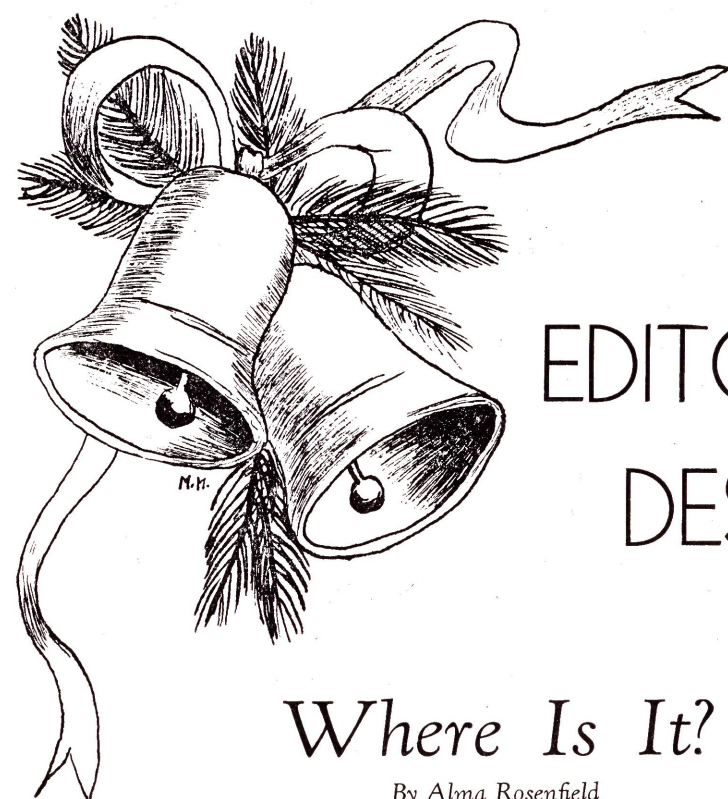
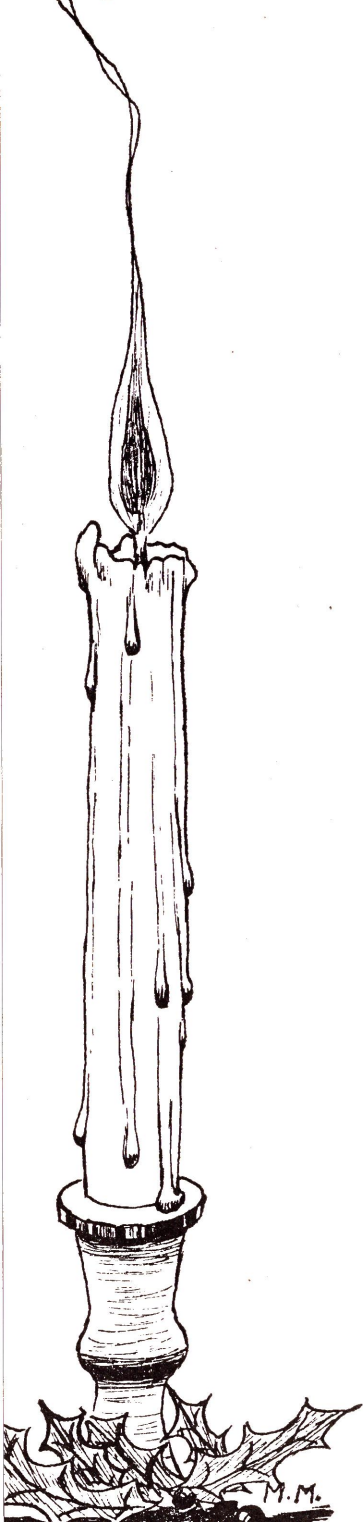


Merry Christmas

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On the EDITOR'S DESK

Where Is It?

By Alma Rosenfield

MANY Christmases have come and gone. One more is fast approaching and will soon be added to the list of holidays passed. Centuries of peace should have accompanied them, but instead there have been hate and discord and war and death. Man has smothered the spirit of Christmas. He has given it a place of honor for a few hours but has forbidden it to follow him throughout the years.

Look at the world. See the hypocritical blanket of peaceful white snow that covers a blood-stained earth. See the hypocritical cloak of kindness and tolerance that covers mankind for one day and one night and then falls to the ground to be trampled upon by bigotry and envy. Do you see the spirit of Christmas?

We are living in a world that is theoretically at peace. Our leaders and the leaders of our enemy have signed documents that say that war between us no longer exists,—documents that should also say that there is peace. Is there peace in India, where thou-

sands of persons are being mutilated and killed by their neighbors? Is there peace in Palestine, where two peoples are fighting for a home and at the same time are destroying the home for which they fight? Is there peace in the Balkans, where guerrillas are fighting against their own government, a government that survived invasion and suppression by a foreign enemy only to be faced with fratricidal war? Yes, these are instances where fighting actually exists in a supposedly peaceful world. Can you find the spirit of Christmas?

There are other battles, quiet battles where the same Nature that makes America beautiful is making Europe ugly, for the snow of winter will fall this year on men, women, and children who are not only hungry but who have neither sufficient clothing nor fuel to keep them from freezing. How can these poor people feel at peace when they are forced to rebuild their shattered lives with only starvation as the tool of their labor? Convince

these people that the spirit of Christmas really exists.

Nor do we have to cross the sea to gaze upon poverty and hate and to realize that they are beginning again to stretch menacing hands toward a bewildered world. Here in America we find men murdering, robbing, and hating; we find them blind to all but their own interests; we find them wasteful and extravagant; we find them animals bringing about their own destruction by their jealousy and greed. Look at the scraps left on the dining-room table after the Christmas

Our Water Problem

By Maureen Vincent

DUE to the current water shortage, the students of Pittsfield High, as well as those of other local schools, have been forced temporarily to use the glass water jars as an emergency supply. It seems, however, that although the students welcome the convenient advantage of having water to drink at their disposal, they have forgotten to keep a neat and sanitary nook for the water jars.

The buzzer signifying period's end rings. Through the halls boys and girls throng to the water jars, crowding noisily around them. After the beginning of the next period, when the halls are silent and almost deserted, the area around these jars is cluttered with used paper cups, while water lies in pools on the floor. This condition is disgraceful for boys and girls who are planning soon to take their own place in community management.

We could improve the arrangements for getting drinks at the water jars by taking time to deposit the used cups in the wastecans located by each jar, and by either drinking all the water in the cup or else making sure that it does not fall on the floor.

Let's all try to keep our present water system clean and neat in appearance until our regular fountain supply is restored.

dinner; they could be the life blood of a European family. Try to distinguish among these crumbs the spirit of Christmas.

No, the true Christmas spirit does not yet exist. It has not yet taken hold of the world and led it along the path of love and justice. Our job is to help it come forth by remembering that we are not the only inhabitants of this earth, by sharing our abundance with those less fortunate, and by smothering jealousy under the pillows of tolerance. Perhaps then the Christmas spirit will exist not only in words but in deeds, not only in fairy tales but in reality.

Wanted-School Support

By Diana Fink

YOUR hockey and ski teams need your support! They, as well as the major teams, are at their best when they know they have the student body behind them.

The Berkshires are one of the great skiing centers of New England. Skiers come to Pittsfield from all over the country during the winter season to take advantage of the ample facilities.

Pittsfield High School, with excellent coaches, has already turned out many champion skiers. Most of the students of Pittsfield are winter sports enthusiasts, and the ski meets and hockey games should be highlights on their winter sports calendars.

Pittsfield High has always been known for the spirit and enthusiasm it puts into anything it does, whether on the athletic field or in the classroom. The fellows on the ski and hockey teams carry this enthusiasm with them into all their games, and the spirit of fight and fair play that has given P. H. S. its fine reputation distinguishes them always. They do an excellent job, and with your loyal support and attendance at the events, 1948 should prove to be a banner year for two fine Pittsfield High teams.

Winter Petals

By Mary Bonneville.

"God was my shaper.
Passing surmised
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor . . ."

After the last yellow leaf has fallen, our world is left in gray desolation. Roof peaks seem sharper, trees look black as if dying, the wind whistles instead of singing. Few care for this dreariness, and for this reason, I believe, God created the snowflake. It is His special thought for us when all nature's decorations have gone.

In New England, all have witnessed the miracle of a snowfall. Suddenly in the grayest moment, a few white flakes float in the wind. Then faster and thicker they fall. They tuck a coverlet over all the earth to keep it warm as the temperature drops. They round the sharp edges of outlines; they blaze in the sunlight and sparkle by moonlight.

Yet, although they achieve much together, each snowflake is in itself a work of art—a perfect design. Some may be fancy and intricate; others simple and severe, but all indescribably beautiful.

As the flakes gather, their white mass becomes the silent icy king of winter. This king is an artist who creates a white world, a giant who can bend the strongest bough, a protector warming the earth. Sometimes he jokes—playfully when fence posts are like helmeted soldiers; cruelly when a frozen crust traps poor ground animals. With dazzling beauty he rules.

Nevertheless, snow is but a slave to the conquering wind, which sometime swirls and waves it and even throws it high in the air as if it were confetti. The final victor, however, is a warm spring breeze, which makes every snowflake tremble. When it comes, each diamond of the winter that sparkled with gladness, is then a tear to nourish spring.



CHRISTMAS

By Marion F. Ransford

This poem is reprinted from the December, 1946, STUDENT'S PEN in loving memory of its author, Marion F. Ransford, former essay editor of THE PEN, who died December 13, 1946.

When the hills are glistening white with snow,
When the chill December winds do blow,
Then a star climbs up from the hole of dark
And onward toils toward its heavenly mark.

This star climbs up the sky so steep,
And its rays wake shepherds from their sleep.
The sky bursts wide with a thunderous roar,
And down float angels as of yore.

As the angels sing their hymns tonight,
As the star gives forth its wondrous light,
The shepherds draw round the manger bed
Where a tiny Babe hath laid His head.

This Child with the halo round His curls
Is a King, though not bedecked with pearls;
This Child is the Christ, the Savior King,
The Babe of Whom the angels sing,

Our Master, come to save the earth,
A King named Jesus at His birth.
Tonight, as joyous church bells ring,
Let us together praise our King.

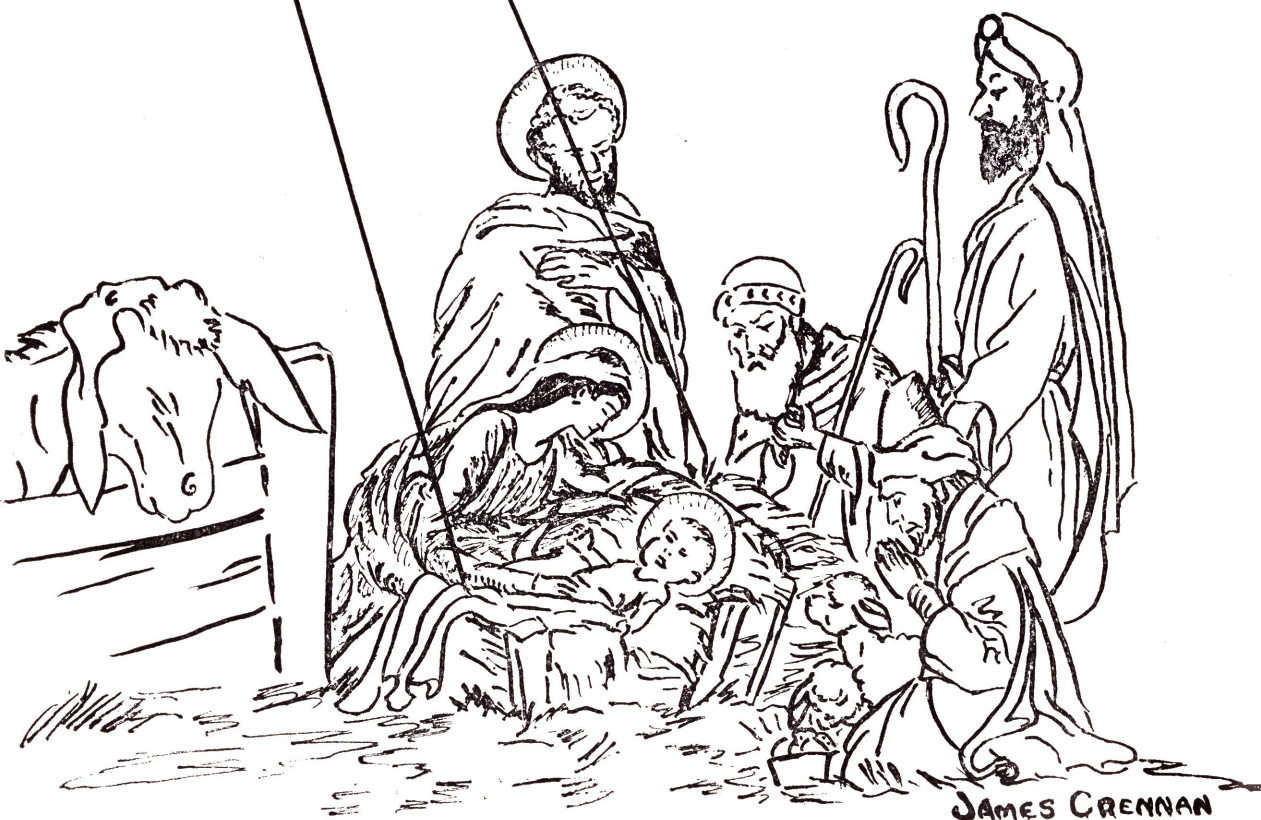


From the Gospel
According to St. Luke

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the nightwatches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them.

And the angel said to them: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day, is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."



And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

And it came to pass, after the angels departed the shepherds said one to another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us."

And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.

And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken concerning this child.

Christmas Carols

By John Coughlin



SILENT Night, Holy Night." How well we recall the familiar carols, which proclaim the arrival of Christmas. For centuries songs and singers have voiced the joy of the holiday season.

Saint Francis of Assisi, in the thirteenth century, first made carols popular with the people. Originally these carols were outbursts of joy set to music. Later they were replaced by folk songs and minstrelsy, which were fostered and kept alive in little towns and villages all over Europe, especially in England. Strolling bands of minstrels and troupes of little children, going from door to door in the streets and highways of old England scattered these songs throughout the land. This custom continued until the seventeenth century. At that time, the strict Puritans forbade carol singing, substituting fasts for feasts, and long visages for joyous countenances. In the early nineteenth century, however, these songs once again resumed their rightful place in the celebration of Christmas. Now the beautiful songs of the carol singers are no longer enjoyed by the inhabitants of England alone, for this heart-warming practise is rapidly becoming universal.

In carols are embodied the true spirit of Christmas. During the Yuletide, everyone, laying aside his hatreds and prejudices, joins in song with his neighbor, regardless of race, color, or creed, bearing in mind that first great carol, sung by the angels on the first memorable Christmas morn,—"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Claire Rosenfeld

Gently the chilling whiteness settles low
Upon the world that once was fruitless
brown;

Where once the leaves of autumn fluttered
down

Now falls in silent grandeur glistening snow;
And Nature now does seeds of winter sow,
And covers all the land with its new gown,
And from the head of night a jewel crown
Of stars shines on the beauty here below.

'Tis Christmas in this realm, and all is still;
And peace for which we worked and fought
so long

Attempts to rule an earth no more dyed red.
And as the snow makes white each barren
hill,

We pray it cleanses, too, each heart of wrong
And washes from man's mind tormenting
dread.

CHRISTMAS STAR

By Mary Bonneville

The Christmas Star is just a star!
What difference can there be?

It's no more bright—gives no more light
Than any star I see.

It's more than brightness twinkling there;
It's this important part:

On me below, its soft rays glow
And shine within my heart!

Christmas, 1947

By Joan Bates

THE bitter cold greyness of another endless day seemed to envelop the desolate city at the approach of dawn. Everywhere was the stillness of a war-shattered town. As the sun crept higher behind its grey blanket, signs of life could be seen, pitiful to be sure, yet remnants of a once prosperous community.

In one section of the city—remains of a residential area—in a cold, damp, brick building, childish voices could be heard, mingled with the tone of an older, more mature person.

"Please, Pierre, make it warmer."

"Pierre, I want my mother. When is she coming?"

The one called Pierre was only a young lad; yet a first glance would deceive one. The boy was thin, and there was a haunted expression of hunger, worry, and sadness on his face, making him look much older than his sixteen years.

How could this boy tell his two trusting little sisters that he could not make it warmer, that their mother could not come to them anymore, for she, along with so many others, had passed into the Great Eternal?

He, himself, wondered what there was left to live for; but then he remembered his sisters, Annette and Yvonne. They were so young—Annette, only eight and Yvonne, ten. They could do nothing for themselves. No, he had to stay on and take the place of his mother as well as he could.

Pushing all thought of self aside, he mastered his emotions and smiled.

"I'll soon have a small fire so you can warm your feet. And Mother," (here he paused.) "Mother won't be back with us anymore. She has taken a long journey, but she's nice and warm, and never hungry."

He swallowed as he said these words, but he was a devout believer in God and had his own opinion as to what heaven was like. To his immense relief the little girls seemed satisfied with his explanation.

There seemed to be something in the air—a kind of suppressed excitement—and suddenly Pierre remembered. Today was Christmas. Christmas morning—it didn't seem possible. Last night St. Nicholas should have come around on his horse to leave gifts for the good, and switches for the bad. Of course Pierre was too old to believe in the patron saint. Still, he remembered former Christmases in the huge house that had belonged to his father before the war (it was all before the war) when the whole family had sat in front of the fireplace, gazing into the never-ending flames, feeling peaceful and happy. They had had a lighted creche with packages piled around it.

This year, Pierre reflected bitterly, there would be no huge house with a blazing fire or lighted creche. Indeed, there would be no mother and father.

Finding a few slices of dark bread and a little milk, the boy fixed a welcome, if somewhat untasty, breakfast for his sisters. After this the girls went outside to play. A thought struck Pierre, and he went flying out to the old cloth bag that held the little bit of money they had. With careful bargaining it might be enough for his need. He added a worn, patched mackinaw to his already bundled form and went out of the doorway. Walking up one street and down another, he finally came to a dingy building with the sign "Shoppe."

As he went in, a faint bell tinkled above, and a wizened old Frenchman lifted his head and smiled when he saw the lad. After several minutes of polite bargaining, Pierre

walked down the street triumphant. Under his arm he held a bag containing carrots and potatoes, fresh bread, coffee, and the most wonderful item of all—meat.

Arriving home, he built a fire in the rather makeshift fireplace and preparing the food, put it on to cook. He then made the coffee and set the table. When the repast was ready, he called the children.

The look of joy and disbelief as they gazed

on the feast was one he would never forget. As he said grace, he added an extra prayer of thankfulness for being alive. When Annette and Yvonne asked where the food came from, Pierre, with a radiant smile, answered that their mother, having plenty where she was, had sent it to them so that they, too, might enjoy a Christmas dinner. And the girls, as is the way of children, lifted their faces trustingly to his.

I Give You Savannah

By Maureen Vincent

IN the dimly lit room stood a tall, gaunt man. His firm mouth above the black beard was set in a somber, determined line, his hands clasped behind his homespun black suit-coat. His head was bowed so that his chin rested on his chest, his whole figure showing utter depression.

Walking to the window, the man absently noted that a light snow was falling softly on the broad lawn that stretched from the house to the sidewalk. Snow was unusual for Washington at Christmas time; however, there had been severely cold weather during the latter part of November and early December. The sound of laughter caused the man to look up the street where he perceived a small group of children skipping along, seeming very concerned and yet very happy over the fragrant green balsam tree, which they were dragging behind them.

"How glad I am that they are happy," the tall figure mused. "But others their age are unhappy, even terrified tonight, and I have caused their grief. I would have prevented it if I could, for it all seems so much more inhuman on Christmas Eve."

He turned from the windows to see his young son rush into the room with sparkling eyes, exclaiming as he entered, "Oh, Father, do come. Mother has the tree all decorated! Tom brought Marthy and Silas to see it, and

they are having the grandest time! Do come, Father." He put out his hand to the man.

"Soon, Rob, soon. I am awaiting a message just now, but I will be in to see you all as soon as it arrives."

"Be sure to come, Father. Mother has done marvelously!" The boy left the room as excitedly as he had entered, leaving his father alone once more to reflect.

"Some are without homes because of me; some will starve; others will perish from the cold. I am to blame for all this—I am the most wretched of beings."

Suddenly the door re-opened, this time admitting a young man in military uniform of blue. "Excuse me, sir, but General Sherman's message has arrived."

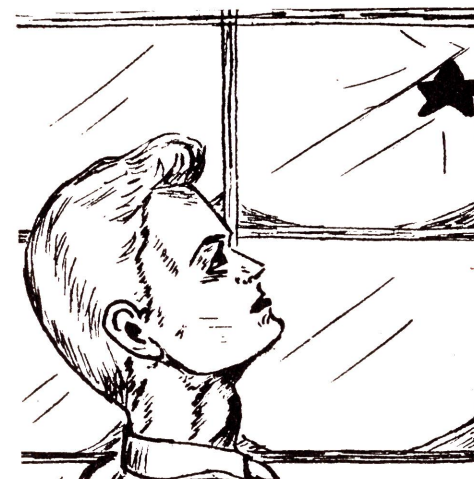
"Ah, good! Read it to me, Carter."

"December 24th, 1864—Temporary Headquarters, Grand Army of the Republic—President Lincoln—I send you notice of the capture of the city of Savannah as a Christmas present. Our drive has been completed and is a success.—General William Sherman."

"Thank you, Carter. I can't say that it is a very welcome Christmas present when I think of the desolation General Sherman's march has wrought, and yet it brings us one step nearer to the permanent unity of these broken, embittered states. Come along, Carter, Mrs. Lincoln has prepared the tree. I'm sure you'd like to see it."

Rays of Hope

By E. Sutor, Jr.



the coming holiday. But would it be the same this year?

"Funny," he said, thinking aloud, "what a little failure does to one. It almost makes me lose all hope of getting ahead."

"What, dear?" That was his mother's voice. She entered the room, wiping her hands on her apron. A puzzled expression crossed her face when she saw Mark.

"Is there something wrong, Mark?"

"Nothing radically, I guess. I was just a little disappointed in getting only a 'C' in that test I told you about."

"That's too bad. Well, just try a little harder next time."

"Next time! It seems though I'm always trying a little harder, with no ensuing improvements whatsoever. Mom, I was wondering, about that full-time job at the mill—"

"No, son, absolutely not. You know your father insisted that you continue your education. Besides, are you going to let a little failure, a little disappointment, get you down?"

"It's not only that, but many other little things. Frankly, I'm discouraged."

There was a pause. Then Mark's mother stepped over to the window-seat and looked out.

"Look, Mark, see that bright star in the west. To me, it has always stood for faith and courage. How well I remember my disappointment when I graduated from high school to find my cherished plans frustrated. I had dreamed of becoming a nurse, but those were years of depression and I had to go to work. All my hopes of a nursing career had blown sky-high, and I was bitter and discouraged about the whole affair."

"Every night, as I wearily walked home from work, I would watch that star slowly creep westward. Then, one Christmas eve, I

NO matter how many lights were turned on, the gray sky outside still imparted a gloomy atmosphere to the classroom. Fiercely the wind whipped flakes of dry snow against the window.

Only Mark was now left inside the room. The shuffle in the corridors was slowly subsiding, for all the pupils were departing hurriedly for their Christmas vacation. Heaving a sigh, he gathered his books and left the room.

Scarcely noticing the biting cold, Mark tramped homeward. His thoughts were far away. "So I got a 'C', so what?" he mused. But he knew he couldn't pass it off like that. That test did mean a lot. That mark *was* important. He couldn't afford that little slip-up he had made, for a good mark meant college, and college meant the future, and that was all-important to him.

He turned into the side street, and slowly strolled up the walk and through the door of his home.

A glance around the living room showed him that preparations were being made for

noticed that my star was almost directly in the west. Why, this star was like the one the Wise Men must have followed, on their journey to the Savior! That star had meant to them a new hope in a world full of sadness and grief. A star had given them hope. Suddenly I thought, 'How weak my faith is! Here I am, downcast over a comparatively small thing. Surely, with a little faith all will come out well.' And it did. Now I can see how foolish my utter discouragement was."

Mark was silent, thoughtful. Finally he

spoke, "Perhaps with a little faith, with a little hope—"

The ring of the telephone interrupted him. Mark dashed out into the hall to answer it. A few seconds later he rushed back to his mother and practically shouted, "Mom, my mark! The principal just called to say that there was a mistake in computing it and I did get that 'B' I've been working for!"

Mother smiled, and looked once again out the window, up at the star—the star that she now shared with her son.

I Resolve . . .

By Ella V. Dicenzo

RESOLUTIONS! I wonder whoever started this 'darn idea anyway!

With the arrival of the New Year, everyone, at one time or other, sits down at his desk and begins that list of notes which starts, "I resolve . . . !" But why do we go on chaining ourselves down with resolutions? We hardly ever make our attempts successful. It's a good thing, too. What a world this would be!

Remember your resolution about keeping within your allowance? Of course, you couldn't keep it if the "Sadie Hawkins Dance" and Connie's birthday came in the same week.

And what of that resolution about doing your homework every night? Even that was short-lived when your best friend gave a party the night you had to study for your Algebra departmental. Remember?

Then there's the resolution in which you promised to do all of Mom's errands. Remember when she asked you to pay her club dues for her because she was all in and you refused to go because *you were busy*? So Mom, smiling as always, although she was really exhausted, went herself.

And what ever happened to that resolution that began, "I resolve to go directly to

class from period to period"? (Sigh! "Love won out", and you continued to take the long way, hoping to see Him!)

I could go on and on naming oh, so many resolutions that were made with good intentions. Not one was ever kept! Yet, a few days before January 1st, we'll all sit at our desks and make a list of resolutions, trying to bridle the young new year!

Have I made a resolution? Ah, yes! (and a few more might do the same!) I resolve:

"If I don't do well today,

Remember! Tomorrow is another day."

RECIPE FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE

By Maureen Vincent

Take one grown balsam, tall and strong,
Mount it upon a stand;
To decorate it carefully,
I'll need a helping hand.

Add glistening bulbs of motley hues,
String row on row of lights;
Be sure to place the golden star
Atop pine-needed heights.

Drape some tinsel upon each limb
To complete the recipe;
Then bask in contented pleasure
Beside the Christmas tree.

The Christmas Gift

By Louise Bloomberg

CRISTINA Kastrova was only ten, yet her eyes had the tragic look of one who has seen much suffering. In her short life Cristina had viewed much bloodshed, destruction, and death, but her days of misery were over. She was now in America, the magic land of plenty where one is able to have whatever his heart desires. Poland, with all its misery, was far away, but the pained look in her eyes still persisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, the people who had adopted Cristina, had tried in every way to make the child happy. She was showered with toys and pretty dresses. The Willises loved her as their own. Her little playmates were kind and considerate. Still her eyes were sorrowful, and the approaching Christmas did not find the child filled with anticipation and thrills. She did not spend hours in front of window displays, her little nose pressed against the glass, looking at the beautiful dolls. In fact, she had no desire to meet Santa Claus! !

When Christmas Eve arrived, little Cristina helped trim the huge evergreen tree and joined in singing the ever-beautiful carols. She saw all her gaily-wrapped presents lying under the tree. She was grateful, yes, but not completely happy.

With the words "Peace on earth, good will toward men" still echoing in her ears, the little Polish girl said her prayers and fell asleep.

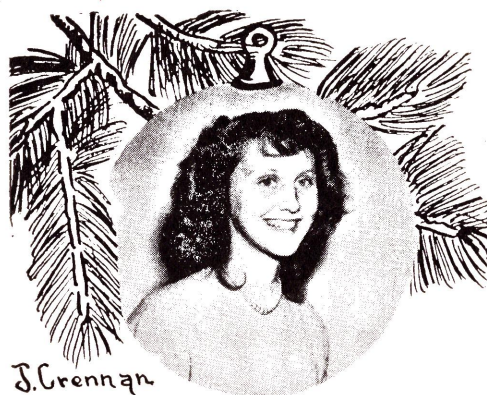
Christmas morning came. Cristina jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, where her adopted mother and father were waiting, their faces alight with smiles. The long, slim sled was beautiful; the little, white skates were just her size; the lovely doll was a crea-

tion to dream about. Yes, they were beautiful gifts. Cristina was overwhelmed, but when she raised her eyes in thanks, they were filled with tears. Mr. and Mrs. Willis knew why the child was not completely happy. They not only knew the reason, but they had gone to great pains and expense to alleviate her sorrow.

Mr. Willis opened the kitchen door. In walked a woman, upon whose face were etched deep lines of misery. Yet the face resembled Cristina's, and from it radiated a happiness which almost erased the marks of anguish. When Cristina beheld her mother, a cry of joy escaped her, and with that cry went the tragic look from her eyes. Never again would Cristina be unhappy, for her prayers had been answered; her heart's desire had been fulfilled; her mother was at last with her. For Cristina, this was truly a joyous Christmas.



WHO'S WHO



J. Grennan

JUNIOR ATHLETE

This smiling junior is Norma Fitch, a very active sports enthusiast. She was a member of the volley ball, basketball and softball teams and captain of the field hockey team in her sophomore year, and she hopes to be as successful in her junior and senior years. Her favorite pastime, as you probably have already guessed, is sports. She plans to become a physical education teacher when she graduates. We know she will be very successful.

"BIG JOHN"

Here he is, John Perrone, the rip-roaring fullback that leaves a "wake of prostrate humanity" behind him when he lets loose his terrific power! (Only a soph, too!) Although he prefers football, he also enjoys baseball. His list of favorites is hunting, spaghetti with all the trimmings, Mr. Hickey and English, and brunettes.

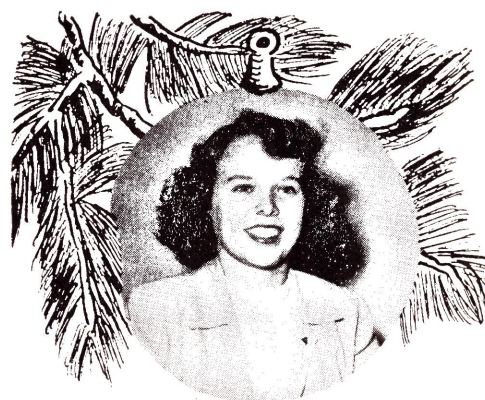
Johnny plans to be a construction engineer and since he hasn't any pet peeves, he's bound to be a success!



COUNCILLOR

Students, meet Eleanor Lynch, vice president of the Student Council. Eleanor is also a member of THE STUDENT'S PEN staff, Glee Club, Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, and is co-chairman of the Oasis. Eleanor enjoys swimming and dancing, and she likes to watch a good game of football or baseball anytime.

Her plans for the future are college, and studying languages or science. She intends to become a teacher.



HOOSIER

Here is one of the well known seniors, George Flint, who comes from South Side High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana. George's pastimes are athletics and listening to "Body and Soul". His favorite food is Shrimp Foo Yung. He was elected to the Senior Council, and was also a member of our football team.

As for a pet peeve, George says "Ah ain't peeved at nobody."

We're glad to have George with us at P. H. S.



"RED"

Who is she? Why, popular Joan Tierney, known as "Red" by her closest friends. She is chairman of the ring committee, a cheerleader, and member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. Joan's winning smile and pleasing personality have won her many friends. Among her many likes are history, chewing gum, and basketball. (Why? ?) As for music and food, all types rate tops with her. (Ask someone who knows.) Joan's immediate aim is college.

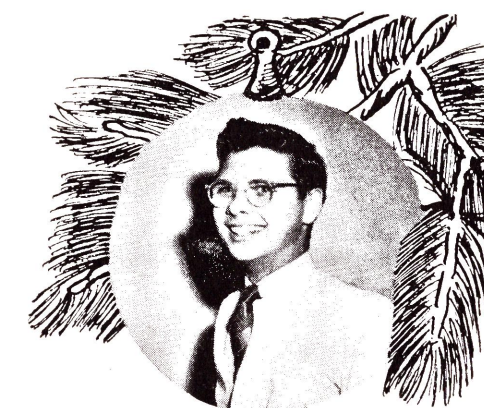


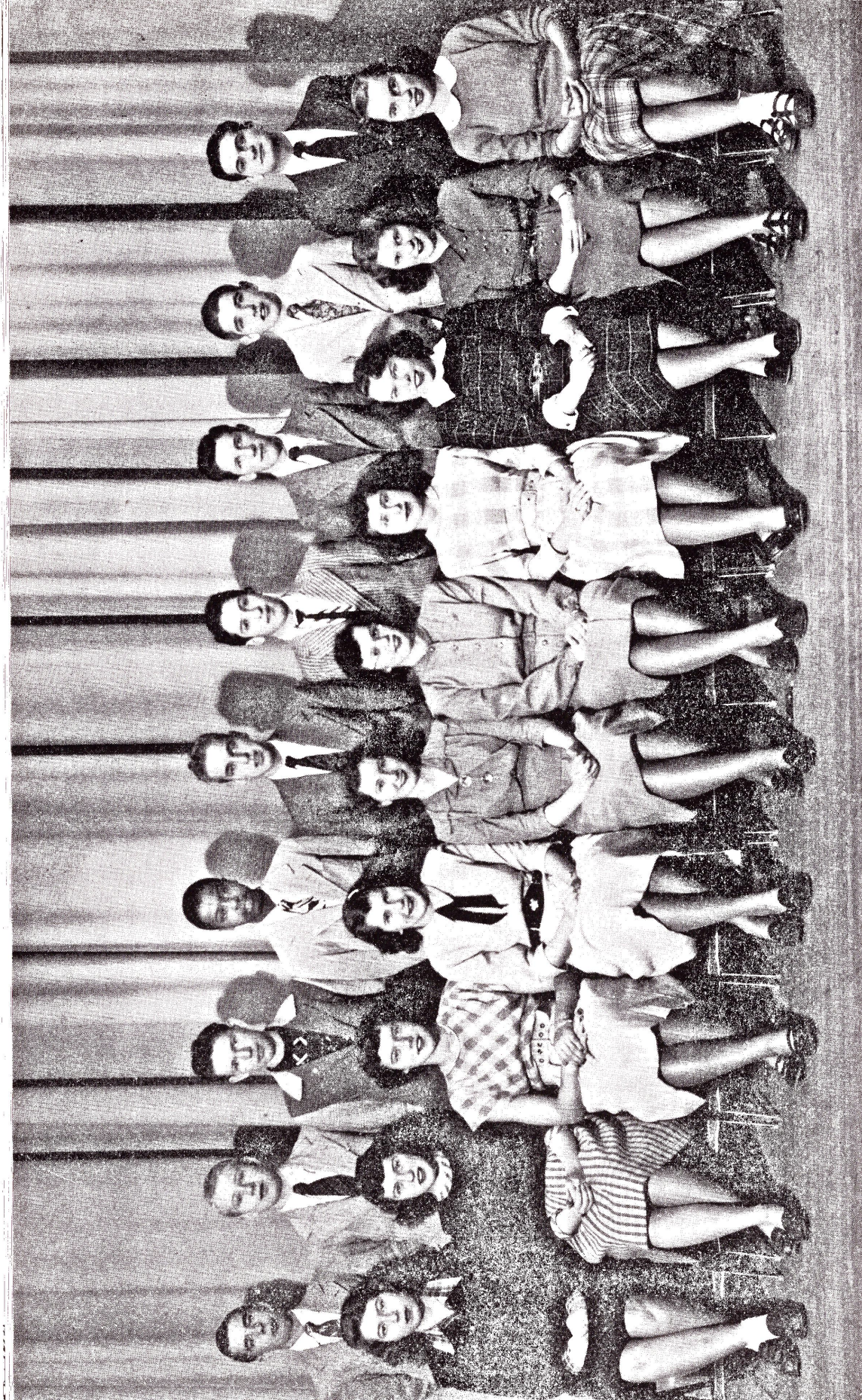
OPERA STAR

This talented singer, Robert Perkins, has the lead in the coming operetta, "Mikado".

A member of the Oasis committee, Bob works hard to help make the Oasis a success. His hobby is collecting miniature horses. His favorite food is macaroni and cheese; his favorite subject, Spanish.

His ambition is to be a Y. M. C. A. secretary. He plans to study at Kalamazoo College, Michigan.

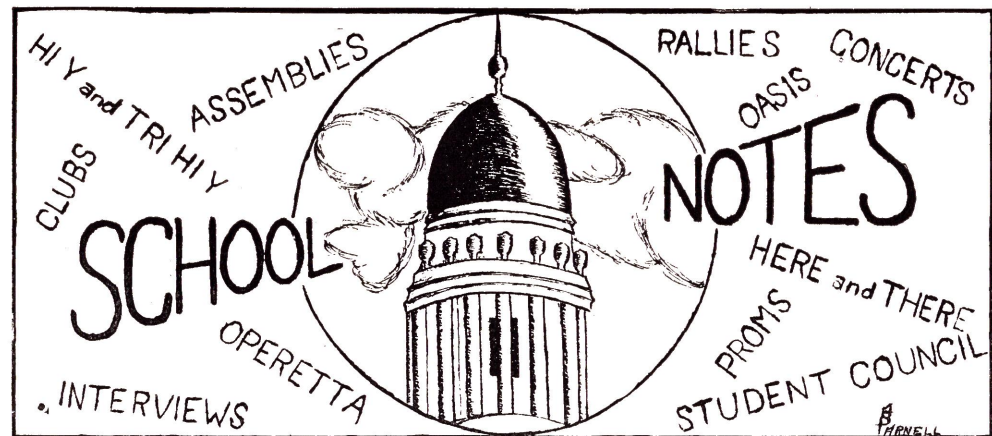




THE STUDENT COUNCIL 1947-1948

Back row—James Burns, John Hart, John Kreiger, James Edmonds, Harry Hovey, Anthony Sachetti, Warren Preble, Verne Goodwin, Francis Fazio.
Front row—Helen Wood, Mary Granfield, Deanne Shuster, Marcia Viale, Carolyn Burt, Mary Kelly, Florence Loynes, Eleanor Lynch, Ann Bossidy, Barbara Depew.

Henzel



Margaret Kelly, School Notes Editor
Guiliano Giusti, Vocational Editor

Assistants. Ella Dizenzo, June Gaviorno, Marion Walsh, Jean Krook, Barbara Rosa, Helen Giftos, Miriam Najimy, Leona Gale, John Russell, Eleanor Lynch, Helen Maniates, Jean McDonald, Diamond Gregory, Elaine Paduano, Marilyn Garrity.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

Christmas season is in the air and everyone is ready to give one another presents. The School Department gave their presents early this year. Since the beginning of school the drafting department's senior class has been presented with new drafting tables valued at about one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. The last table was set up in November. The new tables, which have built-in T-squares, offer much more working surface. Plans of the new tables are being made in the drafting room so that the woodworking shops can make them for the entire drafting room. Some senior draftsmen have also been presented with new drafting sets, for which they are grateful. So for these boys and all the others in Vocational we should like to wish everyone, and the School Department in particular, a very merry Christmas.

"THE MIKADO"

The operetta "The Mikado", to be sponsored by the Senior Class, will be given February 12 and 13, 1948. The cast, chorus, and orchestra are starting on the difficult yet enjoyable production of another talent-revealing operetta. Eight years ago "The Mikado" was successfully presented by the Class of 1940 and that production serves as a criterion for the Class of '48.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club held a meeting on October 31 and chose as the picture of the month of October "Gone with the Wind." A discussion of this picture was led by Nancy Dallmeyer.

On November 7, the club had a character discussion of "Gone with the Wind." The members also decided that "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer" was the movie of the month of November. Mario Bruni was discussion leader.

Dick Hamilton has been appointed chairman of the tenth anniversary celebration.

SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

At the first meeting of the Senior Class Council, the members were given the names of the candidates for the Pepsi-Cola Scholarship. Twenty-three of these were elected by the seniors to take the test.

In October at a meeting held with Miss Kaliher as their class advisor, the Council elected the following chairmen: year book, Alma and Claire Rosenfield; operetta, Alice Cowley and Dominic Dizenzo; cap and gown, George Maynard; pictures, Nancy Dallmeyer and Francis Fazio.

SENIOR NOTES

Various committees of the senior class are busy in their respective duties. Plans for the year book have been started including the schedule for the taking of the pictures. The first ring order has at last been received and was delivered in record time amidst excitement and confusion.

JUNIOR NOTES

On Tuesday, November 18, at three o'clock the Junior Class held an assembly. The class was instructed on the procedure of electing officers by Miss Helene Millet, the advisor of the Class of 1949. Mr. Roy M. Strout, principal, made a few remarks on the importance of the character of the officers. Many enthusiastic juniors have taken out nomination papers.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club held its Halloween Party October 30, in Room 311 where games were played and refreshments served. The room was decorated with orange and black streamers and everyone wore Halloween hats.

On November 13, Mr. Udel from the Udel Studios, visited the club. He spoke on lighting, winter scenes, and color photography and explained the parts of the camera. He concluded by answering questions.

During other meetings the club's members learned printing, developing, and enlarging.

THE RALLY

"Are you ready to take St. Joe's scalp?" were Mr. Strout's words beginning the pre-game rally November tenth. The big Armistice Day game with St. Joseph's was all anyone needed to touch off his enthusiasm. Pep talks by Coach Fox and Captain Don Troy assured the students that the team was ready to do its best.

An added attraction was the singing of the Thompson Twins, who captivated everyone with their fine singing of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" and "Cool Water."

HI-Y NOTES

The Hi-Y season opens each year with a number of activities, and this year proved to be no exception. During the past weeks all the clubs have been busy inducting and initiating new members. Besides this, activities for the coming months are being planned.

Gamma held a very successful Victory Dance, November eleventh. This club is now planning a Christmas party for the children in the "New England Home for Little Wanderers."

Beta recently held a square dance with Torch. The reports revealed that a good time was had by all.

Zeta held its annual card party on November fourteenth. As usual, this affair was a success.

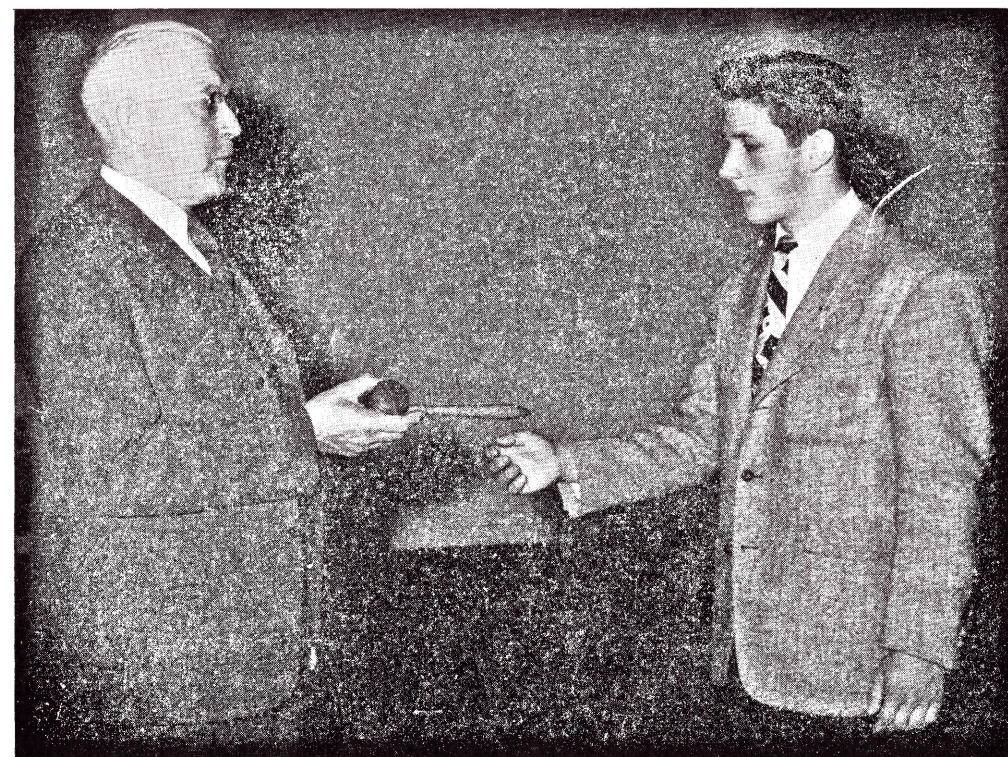
The ambitious girls of Sigma Tri-Hi plan to organize a bowling team that will meet every Monday night.

Alpha is planning a swimming party with Gamma in the near future. Arrangements are also being made for a Christmas party.

HERE AND THERE

Jimmy Dillon, boys' sports editor for THE PEN, has been chosen school notes reporter for *The Eagle*. Loads of luck, Jimmy!

We understand that:—
Jane Kobritz has been accepted by Simmons College; Marion Pincu, by Rochester University; Howard Broverman, by RPI. These students are members of the senior class.



Mr. Strout Presents Gavel to Council President Warren Preble

John Stebbins, '48

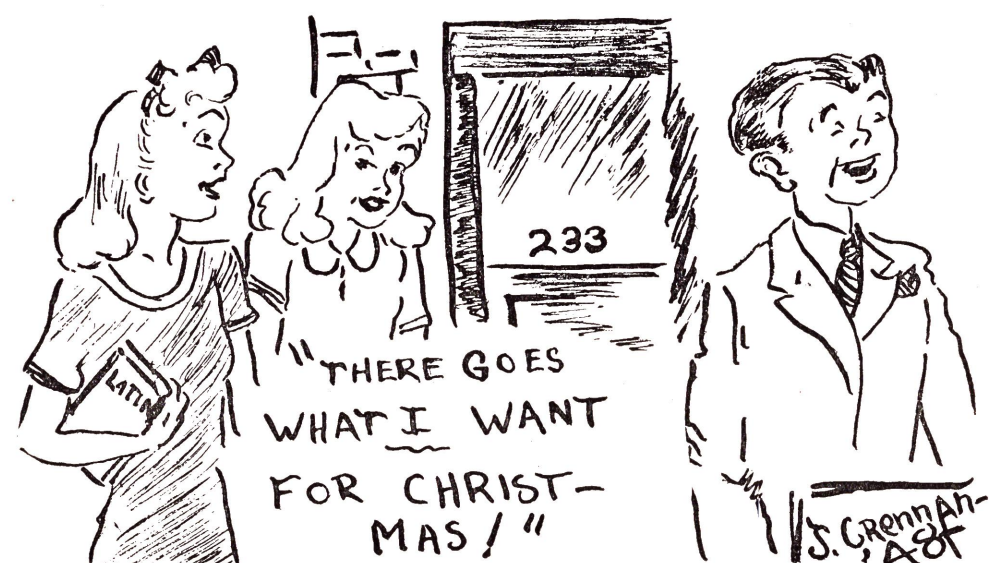
INSTALLATION OF THE
STUDENT COUNCIL
AND REPRESENTATIVES

On Thursday, November thirteenth, Warren Preble was installed as president of the Student Council before the juniors and seniors. The assembly was presided over by Americo Contenta, president of the senior class.

The ceremonies began by everyone singing the Star Spangled Banner and saluting the flag. Following this Mr. Strout installed Warren Preble, who in turn installed the rest

of the officers and members of the council. The officers are the following: vice president, Eleanor Lynch; secretary, Barbara Depew, and assistant secretary, Deanne Shuster. Having received the gavel from Mr. Strout, President Preble spoke about the Council's plans for the year and asked the cooperation of the students. The ceremonies ended by the students pledging their cooperation and singing Alma Mater.

A similar assembly was presented the same afternoon for the parents who came to visit the school in connection with the observance of National Education Week.



SANTA'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

When Santa leaves the frozen North Pole to visit P. H. S., he'll have a heterogeneous assortment of gifts if he fills the orders requested by—

BARBARA STICKLES—an extended vacation until June!!

"AL" AYRES—a sleeveless sweater to show off my "muscles"!!

LOIS NAGLESCHMIDT—170 pounds of male! (not mail!)

DON CARPENTER—an unbreakable watch!

JOAN BATES—a shiny 1948 Cadillac with a big red ribbon around it!!

EARL SUITOR—a new trumpet-lip!!

MR. MASSIMIANO—I don't want a white Christmas! (Sorry, Verne!)

DOM DELSIGNOR—40 credits, please!

"GINNY" DONALD—a big, handsome doll!

"GIG" CULLEN—softer chairs, please. (I can't sleep on the ones we have now!)

ELENA CAMILLI—chestnut saddle horse.

CHARLOTTE BLACKWELL—"Horse and 'Buddy'".

MARILYN GARRITY—a "Maplewood Essay".

MISS CONLON—an inspectoscope at the cafeteria door for detecting smuggled candy!

"RADAR" FARRELL—a new fourth period study hall. (Why?)

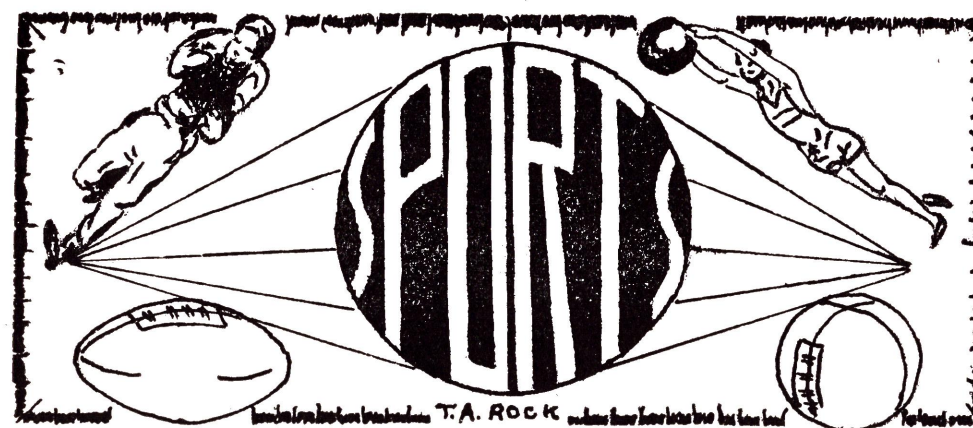
BETTY McANANNY—a French doll!

MARILYN BURKE—"It wouldn't fit into my Christmas stocking!"

HELENE GIFTOS—the name of "Miss Hush".

PRISCILLA DESMOND—"Groves" of sweets!

JOAN MARTIN—a "Phair" holiday!



PITTSFIELD 27—ST. JOSEPH 0

By Edward Powers

Before an Armistice Day crowd of some 6000 fans at Wahconah Park, Pittsfield High snapped a three game losing streak and played their best game of the season as they defeated St. Joseph's High 27-0.

Capt. Donnie Troy won the toss and elected to receive. Johnny Perrone scored six plays after the kickoff, going over from the St. Joseph 2-yard line after Pittsfield had moved 63 yards from their own 35. After the kickoff, St. Joseph was forced to punt. Horace Williams raced the kick back 19 yards to the St. Joseph 37-yard line. Dom Diczno cracked over for a score 6 plays later.

In the second period Troy ran a punt back 40 yards to the St. Joseph 24-yard line, but lost 19 yards on the next two plays, a bad pass from center being the cause of 13 of them. A few plays later after St. Joseph had held for 3 downs, Eddie Mlynarczyk raced 21 yards on an end around play to score the third touchdown.

In the second half Pittsfield recovered a fumble by St. Joseph on the Saints' 43-yard line. Eight plays were completed and Troy was over for his last high school touchdown. Tony Sachetti, missing only after the third touchdown, kicked three extra points. His season's total is 8.

Pittsfield's line hit hard, while the backfield showed its best blocking of the season. St. Joseph's line, led by Captain Jim O'Boyle, was weak most of the time, but held off two powerful last quarter drives by Pittsfield.

PITTSFIELD OUTCLASSED

BY GARDNER

By Jason Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Deception played an important part in Gardner High's decisive 20-6 victory over Pittsfield November 1st. Frankie Blood, diminutive Gardner halfback, scampered for touchdowns twice in the first half. Pittsfield's lone tally came in the 2nd period, when, after a prolonged drive of 68 yards, Dom Diczno passed four yards to end Eddie Mlynarczyk in the end zone. The extra point attempt was wide, and Pittsfield trailed at half time 14-6.

Midway in the fourth period, after a scoreless third, a pass from Blood to right-end LaFortune accounted for the final scoring play of the game.

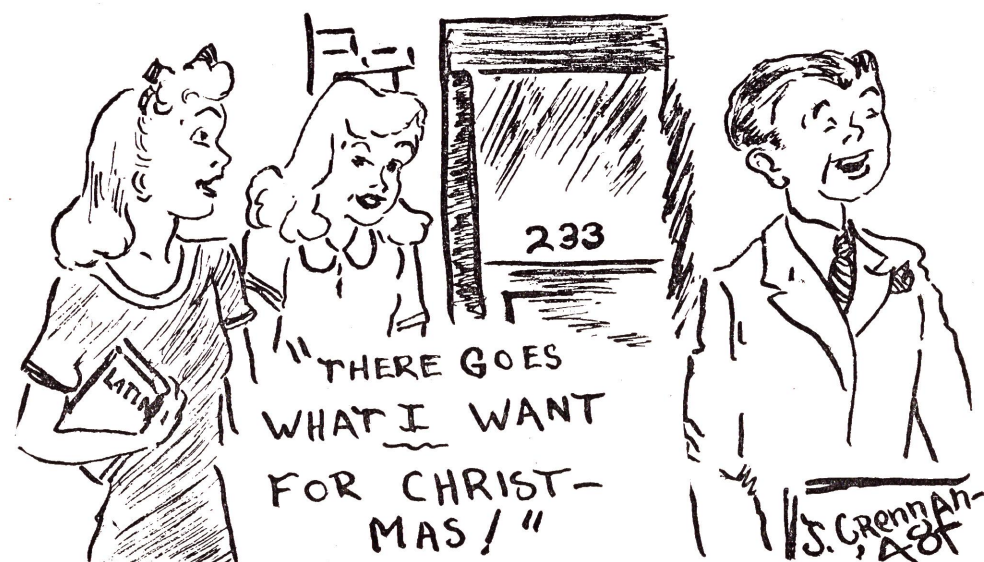
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Gardner, one of the stronger teams of central Massachusetts, showed a versatile attack. Quarterback Bob Belliview, although he didn't live up to his press reports, played a sterling defensive game.

STRONG FINISH BEATS P. H. S. 13-7

By James Dillon

Pittsfield High dropped its second contest of the season at Wahconah Park on October 24 to Cathedral High of Springfield. Defeat was not the result of any Purple boners this time, but the sheer skill of their opponents' quarterback, Jack Benoit, plus an injury



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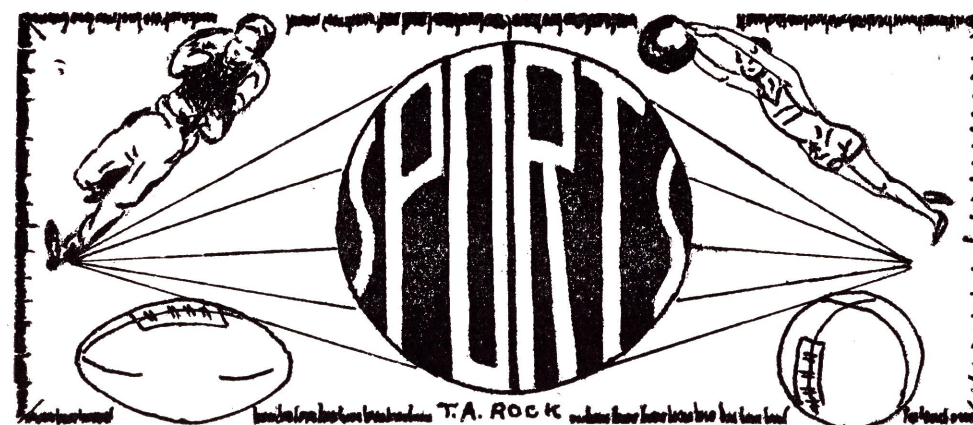
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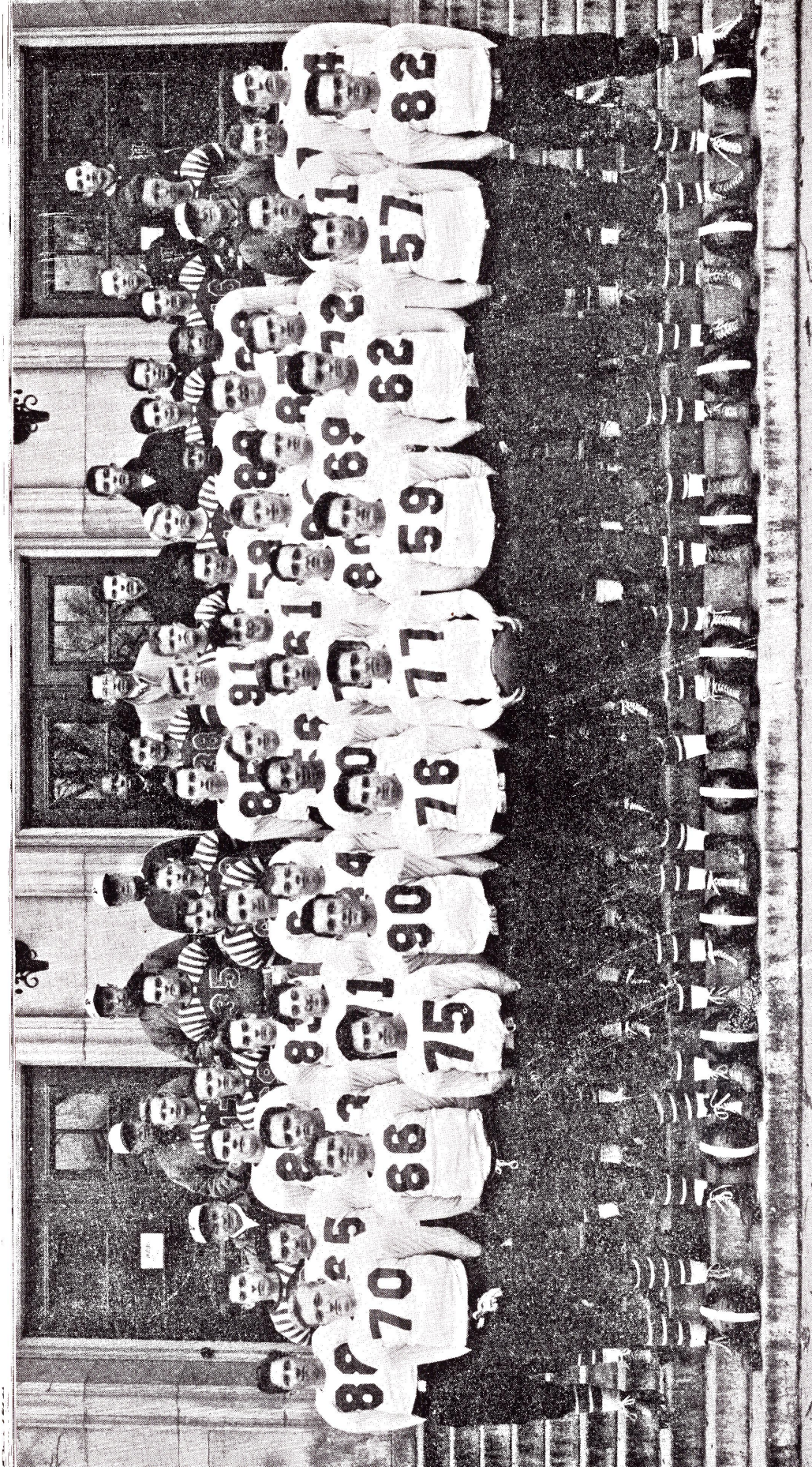
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THE 1947 FOOTBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Front—Heidel, Havford, Ballatto, Segala, Arpante, Captain Troy, Dicenzo, Flint, Pechewlys, Mlynarczyk.
 Second Row—Preble, Mancari, Madden, Sacchetti, Mazzer, Williams, Turner, Brennan, Carmody, Sweener, Perry, Sondrini, Dwyer.
 Third Row—Sleeper, Keenble, Principe, Falkowski, Klemitz, Perrone, W. Thompson, Leonard.
 Fourth Row—Backfield Coach Kowalski, Grady, Ginthwain, Miller, Dennis, Keen, Evans, Morehead, Coach Fox.
 Fifth Row—J. Thompson, Leslie, Ferdyn, Henriques, Brown, Hart, Gregory, Lavelle, Kordana.
 Sixth Row—Line Coach Goyette, J. V. Coach Hickey, Team Physician Wood, Assistant Manager C. Hamilton, Farrell, Fiorini, Connor, Assistant Managers O'Neil and Hamilton, Manager Barnes.

Henzel

which sidelined fullback Johnny Perrone midway in the third quarter.

Contrary to the first few games, P. H. S., led by Horace Williams and Donny Troy, dominated play early in the encounter, and at the close of the second quarter was in the lead 7 to 0.

With Perrone's departure from the fracas, Cathedral proceeded to take fire. They marched 76 yards to the locals' 26-yard line. Here, Benoit decided to pass, and pass he did, to end Johny Sconnel for a touchdown. This scoring play opened the fourth period.

Coach Wise's boys were not to be stopped at one touchdown, however, and with about five minutes of play left, Frank Korbut went through tackle for 19 yards and the game-winning six points.

The Foxmen's score came on a 24-yard pass from Dicenzo to Perrone, John having to go only two yards after snaring the toss.

Williams, the newest addition to the Pittsfield backfield, surprised many with his hard, shifty running. He was especially potent in the first half, when he picked up 20 yards in 8 carries.

DRURY 20—P. H. S. 7

By James Dillon

All the good football displayed by Art Fox's eleven in the first four games this year was forgotten on October 18 at North Adams when the team relinquished its claim to both the Berkshire and the Western Massachusetts titles. The outfit that spoiled Pittsfield's unbeaten record was Drury High, and in doing so, the Tunnel City eleven added insult to injury by spotting the Foxmen a 67 to 35 edge in running.

The deciding factor was ironically that same quality which had kept the Purple in the hitherto-undefeated class,—air power. Drury scored when the game was but four plays old after Arpante had fumbled the opening kickoff trying to hand the ball to Mlynarczyk. Their first touchdown came on

a 25-yard pass from Biggy Casperson to Art Thibert.

On the last play of the third canto, Casperson pegged to Bob Kately for 20 yards and a first down at the P. H. S. one-yard line. Then, to open the fourth period, Thibert bucked the remaining yard to paydirt. To put the game on ice for Coach Del Negro's club, Joe Magnificio, an end, intercepted one of Arpante's passes almost before it had left Rit's hand and scampered 20 yards for the third score.

Pittsfield as usual staged a last-ditch attack, and with Bobby Brennan's passing highlighting the advance, they marched 71 yards for a touchdown. Johnny Perrone was the man who made it on a 17-yard pass from Brennan.

Kately, Drury's all-Berkshire center in basketball, was also one of the big features of this contest. He not only proved an able pass receiver and a rugged tackler, but kicked two extra points besides.

Captain Troy, needless to say, gave his all in a losing battle. Don made 34 yards in 13 trips, and blocked well for his mates, although they did not often return the favor.

FOOTBALL REVIEW

By Jason Reder and Jim Cederstrom

While Pittsfield High's football squad did not live up to pre-season expectations, it must be taken into consideration that the opposition proved stronger than anticipated. The final record was not too bad, with four wins, three losses, and one tie. In the point-getting department, Pittsfield was well ahead of her rivals. The Foxmen scored 98 points against 72 for the opposition.

The chief point producers were Captain Don Troy, Eddie Mlynarczyk, and John Perrone with 24 each. Rit Arpante, Dom Dicenzo, and Charlie Falkowski had a touchdown apiece, while Tony Sacchetti added eight extra points by place kicks.

The season opened brightly, faded towards the end, but sparkled at the finish with a

magnificent 27-0 victory over St. Joseph's. Pittsfield suffered two of its three defeats on the road at the hands of Drury, county champions, and one from Gardner. At home the team played decidedly better, much to the pleasure of the many rabid football fans who turned out at Wahconah Park.

Although many lettermen will graduate in June, we feel sure that the squad of 1948 will prove to be a well-knit body, capable of winning many games under the leadership of Coaches Fox, Kowalski, Goyette, Hickey, and Captain-elect Rudy Sondrini.

BASKETBALL PREVIEW

By James Dillon

Although four of last year's starting five have been lost, Pittsfield High will remain a major contender for the 1947-48 North Berkshire basketball crown. One might wonder how a coach could fill shoes of men like Armond Quadrozzi, Art Ditmar, Don Kasuba and Bus Hayes. While the setup is not as rosy as last year's, Mr. Fox won't be at a loss for material.

In the first place, Bobo Quadrozzi will be back for his second season of high school ball. This dead-eyed member of the junior class looks right now like the snappiest forward Berkshire hoop fans have seen in many moons. Pete Snyder, a starter at the beginning of last year, will probably be one of Fox's first five. Captain Bud Cauffman is at present the team's big question mark. His right leg, injured during football season, has not mended quickly, and it is doubtful that he will take part in early workouts.

Last year's highly successful J. V. club will undoubtedly contribute several valuable men to this year's varsity. Among them are Isaiah Petruzella, Al Meledeo, Don Carpenter, Jack Briggs, Dick Pucko, and Eddy McMahon.

Out for the sport for the first time at P. H. S. will be Walt Creer, the baseball catcher, and George Flint, Bill Dunstan, and Horace Williams, all members of the football squad.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Gloria Di Pietro

Long ago and far away,
Hockey games were in full play.
Recall again those days of yore
While I relate to you the score.

October 20—Juniors	9—Sophomores	2
October 21—Juniors	6—Seniors	2
October 22—Seniors	9—Sophomores	1
October 23—Juniors	10—Sophomores	0
October 27—Juniors	8—Seniors	3

The members of the Sophomore team are: Dianne Shuster, Captain; Jean Cronin, Jeanette Cornelius, Joan Gallagher, Barbara Hyde, Sophie Deminoff, Jo Anne Skowron, Joan Beekman, Mary Ellen Hill, Joan Gaudette and Theresa Malumphy.

On the Senior team are: Catherine Komuniecki, Captain; Barbara May, Alma Rosenfield, Claire Rosenfield, Virginia Ditmar, Mary Granfield, Fay Rawling, Mary Kelley, Gloria DiPietro and Bernice Gardner.

A glance at the scores would indicate a poor showing on the part of the sophomore and senior teams. However, it is your reporter's personal opinion that the score does not speak for itself, that it does not tell the story behind the game.

In the first game, the sophs were more aggressive than the juniors, but they let their enthusiasm run away with them. That day, they learned that long drives without receivers only put them on the defensive. They lost the game because, while they were good individually, the juniors were a team. Mary Ellen Hill and Barbara Hyde for the sophs and Irene Zajchowski and Kitty Nicola for the juniors defended the "circle" very capably. Eileen Zajchowski's deceptive short drives, Norma Fitch's passing, and Dianne Shuster's dribbling were effectively executed.

Both senior-junior games were battles from beginning to end. In the first game, the seniors were in junior territory most of the time, but a Fitch-Paduano-Zajchowski com-



FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Henzel

Left to right: Jo Ann Masterson, Betty Dunn, Irene Zajchowski, Eileen Zajchowski, Norma Fitch, Ann Vaughan, Clara Beraldi, Joanne Reder, Barbara McAnanny, Nancy Knoblock, Katherine Nicola, Elaine Paduano.

bination made their drives count, when they could get through the very good senior guards, Mary Kelley and Mary Granfield. Seniors Barbara May and Virginia Ditmar were constant ground gainers, while the Rosenfield twins' careful passing would have made any coach's heart glow. In this particular game, goalies Ann Vaughan, Nancy Knoblock and Bernice Gardner defended exceptionally well.

Their second game was a little rough, five seniors receiving injuries, not that the injuries

were serious, but seniors are still limping, treating their hands gently, or looking out at the world with one eye and rose colored glasses.

Dianne Shuster did very well for her team, but a severe leg cramp in the October 22nd game kept her on the bench for the rest of the season.

"She was all feet" is a description of Theresa Malumphy. That isn't bad, as Theresa was goalie for the sophs, and a good one too.

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BASKETBALL PREVIEW

By James Dillon

Although four of last year's starting five have been lost, Pittsfield High will remain a major contender for the 1947-48 North Berkshire basketball crown. One might wonder how a coach could fill shoes of men like Armond Quadrozzi, Art Ditmar, Don Kasuba and Bus Hayes. While the setup is not as rosy as last year's, Mr. Fox won't be at a loss for material.

In the first place, Bobo Quadrozzi will be back for his second season of high school ball. This dead-eyed member of the junior class looks right now like the snappiest forward Berkshire hoop fans have seen in many moons. Pete Snyder, a starter at the beginning of last year, will probably be one of Fox's first five. Captain Bud Cauffman is at present the team's big question mark. His right leg, injured during football season, has not mended quickly, and it is doubtful that he will take part in early workouts.

Last year's highly successful J. V. club will undoubtedly contribute several valuable men to this year's varsity. Among them are Isaiah Petruzella, Al Meledeo, Don Carpenter, Jack Briggs, Dick Pucko, and Eddy McMahon.

Out for the sport for the first time at P. H. S. will be Walt Creer, the baseball catcher, and George Flint, Bill Dunstan, and Horace Williams, all members of the football squad.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Gloria Di Pietro

Long ago and far away,
Hockey games were in full play.
Recall again those days of yore
While I relate to you the score.

October 20—Juniors	9—Sophomores	2
October 21—Juniors	6—Seniors	2
October 22—Seniors	9—Sophomores	1
October 23—Juniors	10—Sophomores	0
October 27—Juniors	8—Seniors	3

The members of the Sophomore team are: Dianne Shuster, Captain; Jean Cronin, Jeanette Cornelius, Joan Gallagher, Barbara Hyde, Sophie Deminoff, Jo Anne Skowron, Joan Beekman, Mary Ellen Hill, Joan Gaudette and Theresa Malumphy.

On the Senior team are: Catherine Komuniecki, Captain; Barbara May, Alma Rosenfield, Claire Rosenfield, Virginia Ditmar, Mary Granfield, Fay Rawling, Mary Kelley, Gloria DiPietro and Bernice Gardner.

A glance at the scores would indicate a poor showing on the part of the sophomore and senior teams. However, it is your reporter's personal opinion that the score does not speak for itself, that it does not tell the story behind the game.

In the first game, the sophs were more aggressive than the juniors, but they let their enthusiasm run away with them. That day, they learned that long drives without receivers only put them on the defensive. They lost the game because, while they were good individually, the juniors were a team. Mary Ellen Hill and Barbara Hyde for the sophs and Irene Zajchowski and Kitty Nicola for the juniors defended the "circle" very capably. Eileen Zajchowski's deceptive short drives, Norma Fitch's passing, and Dianne Shuster's dribbling were effectively executed.

Both senior-junior games were battles from beginning to end. In the first game, the seniors were in junior territory most of the time, but a Fitch-Paduano-Zajchowski com-



FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Henzel

Left to right: Jo Ann Masterson, Betty Dunn, Irene Zajchowski, Eileen Zajchowski, Norma Fitch, Ann Vaughan, Clara Beraldi, Joanne Reder, Barbara McAranny, Nancy Knoblock, Katherine Nicola, Elaine Paduano.

bination made their drives count, when they could get through the very good senior guards, Mary Kelley and Mary Granfield. Seniors Barbara May and Virginia Ditmar were constant ground gainers, while the Rosenfield twins' careful passing would have made any coach's heart glow. In this particular game, goalies Ann Vaughan, Nancy Knoblock and Bernice Gardner defended exceptionally well.

Their second game was a little rough, five seniors receiving injuries, not that the injuries

were serious, but seniors are still limping, treating their hands gently, or looking out at the world with one eye and rose colored glasses.

Dianne Shuster did very well for her team, but a severe leg cramp in the October 22nd game kept her on the bench for the rest of the season.

"She was all feet" is a description of Theresa Malumphy. That isn't bad, as Theresa was goalie for the sophs, and a good one too.

HOCKEY NOTES

Our love, kisses and warmest thoughts go to whoever got one leg on many pairs of leg guards. The girls' legs looked all right (or all left).

In the first junior-soph game, we thought for awhile that we were watching a game of golf, what with sticks and the ball flying around in the stratosphere, and dust swirling about the girls' waists. (The Sahara was never like this!)

In the first few minutes that Ginny Ditmar played of the first senior-soph game, she dribbled through to the goal line four times! Nice going, Dit!

The teams wish to express their appreciation to all those who turned out for the games. Only a dozen or so watched, other than the football squad which lent its lungs and eyes loyally to the occasion for the few minutes before starting for their own practice.

Students with football on the brain: f-b in hockey is the forward back position, not fullback.

VOLLEYBALL

This year a large group of candidates have signed up for volleyball. Usually, the sophs have the largest class, but the juniors surprised us. Sixty-four girls signed up. This is probably due to the volleyball skill contests held during the junior and soph gym periods. At the time this is written, only one volleyball practice has been held, so it's hard to tell who's who. The following girls have done well and (a small bird with blue eyes told us) have a good chance of making the teams if they keep it up—sophomores: Marion Felton, Catherine Mierzejewski, Theresa Malumphy, Lorita Martinelli, and Jean Cronin; juniors: Phil Lisi, the Zajchowski twins, Joanne Reder, Norma Fitch, Margaret Brown, Mary Bonneville, Claire Beraldi, and Norma Carosso; seniors: Roxanne Weaver, Mary Kelley, Charlotte Blackwell, Barbara Gould, and Gertrude Bunz.

The interclass tournament began on the tenth of December. Each team has to play the others twice.



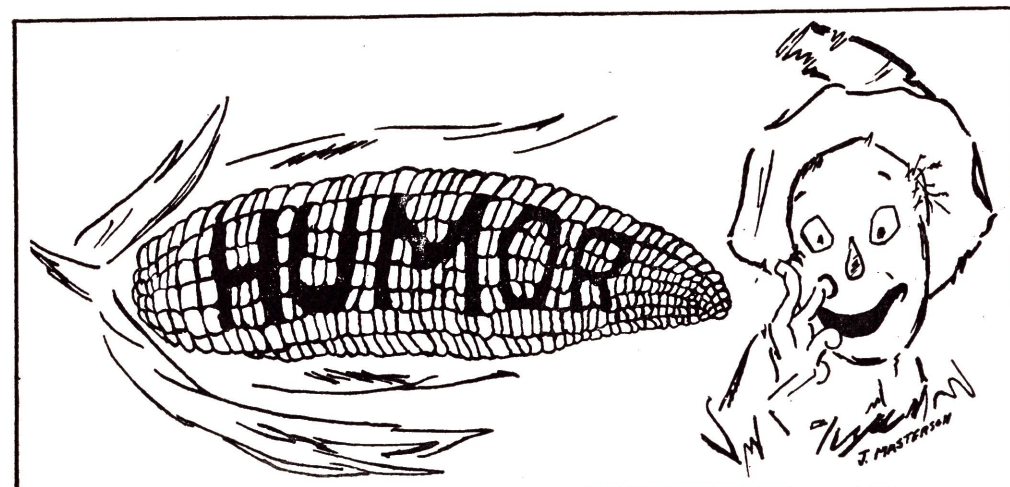
A Tense Moment

in

Senior Field Hockey

Practise

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Sophomore band member: Imagine! I promised my family I never would be a saxophone player.

Mr. Gorman (frankly): Well, you've kept your promise.

Joan T.: Who is this fellow Tide I hear so much about?

Marge S.: I never heard of him.

Joan T.: Why, I've heard everyone saying, "Hi, Tide," and "Lo, Tide."

Teacher: Name five things that contain milk.

Pupil: Butter, cheese, and-ah-er-three cows.

Penelope Pecuniae was very rich and Cecil Credit was very poor. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are very rich, aren't you, Penelope?"

"Yes, Cecil," replied the girl, frankly, "I am worth about two million dollars."

"Will you marry me, Penelope?"

"Oh, no, Cecil, I couldn't."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses two million."

Jest Pointers: Never do your homework with the radio on. Clothes are much more comfortable.

Miss K.: What do you mean by saying Emerson wrote about his liver?

Marr: Well, it says in my book that he wrote about things close to his heart.

The only complaint Bruce Williams has about being an organist is that he is at a loss to know what to do with his feet when using a typewriter.

Mr. Murphy: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Sophomore: At the bottom.

Lois M.: Yes, I always sleep with a clock under my pillow.

Lorraine N.: Why do you do that?

Lois M.: So I can wake up on time.

Senior Boy: Are you good looking?

Junior Girl (coyly): I've been told so.

Senior: Well, go out on the lawn and see if you can find the pen I lost.

Phil Osofer says: The trouble with the average high school student is that he seldom increases his average.

Booth: May I borrow some ink for my fountain pen?

Miss Pfeiffer: Why do you say "borrow"? Do you intend to return a penful of ink?

Byrde (from rear of room): He'll return it on his composition, won't he?



By

Ella V. Diczno, Barbara Rosa, Helen Giftos

Speaking of sophomores—that is, of course, at college, Constance Garivaltis and Marge Hocht are in their sophomore year at Mount Ida Junior College.

Coralie Howe, former short stories editor for *THE PEN*, has entered the Traphagen School of Fashion Design in New York.

To anyone who isn't feeling well, we recommend the up and coming X-ray technician, Jean Murphy. Jean is now studying at the Albany Hospital in Albany, N. Y.

One of last year's popular fashion plates is now working at the Pittsfield City Hall. Of course, it's the girl with the pleasant personality who goes by the name of Rose Stomski.

Another popular graduate of last year who has entered the University of Massachusetts is Martin Flynn, president of the Class of '47.

John Francese, '45, has entered Suffield Academy and is studying contract engineering. At present he is associated with Peter Francese & Son, Contractors.

Peter Arlos and James Garivaltis, both former popular basketball players of Pittsfield High, have entered Champlain College.

Louis Principe is attending Massachusetts State College of Pharmacy in Boston.

Edwin Maska, better known as "Energetic Eddy", president of our Student Council last year, is now using his energy working at the General Electric Company.

Theda Litrides, a graduate of '46, and Ruth

McKean of the class of '47 have both entered their freshman year at Hood College in Maryland.

Janet Clark, our former editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, is enrolled as a freshman at Bates College.

Bruce Mattoon, well-known 1947 artist, who, it was once said, would like to sketch one of Vargas' models, has entered the sixth form at Lenox School.

Barbara Burgner, Margaret Beahan, and Marilyn Reder, all of the class of '47 and Athena G. Giftos, of the class of '46 have entered their freshman year at Smith College.

Entering the University of Massachusetts this fall is Marjorie Sullivan, last year's "mighty mite" editor of *THE PEN*'s school notes.

Gertrude Giese, 1946, who was a member of *THE PEN* staff, is now in her sophomore year at Skidmore.

Dave Thompson, '45, and David Mendl, '46, are happy over the fact that they are roommates at Tri-State College in Indiana. They are both studying engineering.

Mary Ellen Criscitiello, who was editor of *THE PEN* in '45-'46, has returned to Wellesley College where she is a sophomore.

Al Bianchi, most outstanding athlete of '46 and winner of the prized "Tommy Curtin Medal" is starting his freshman year at Williams College.

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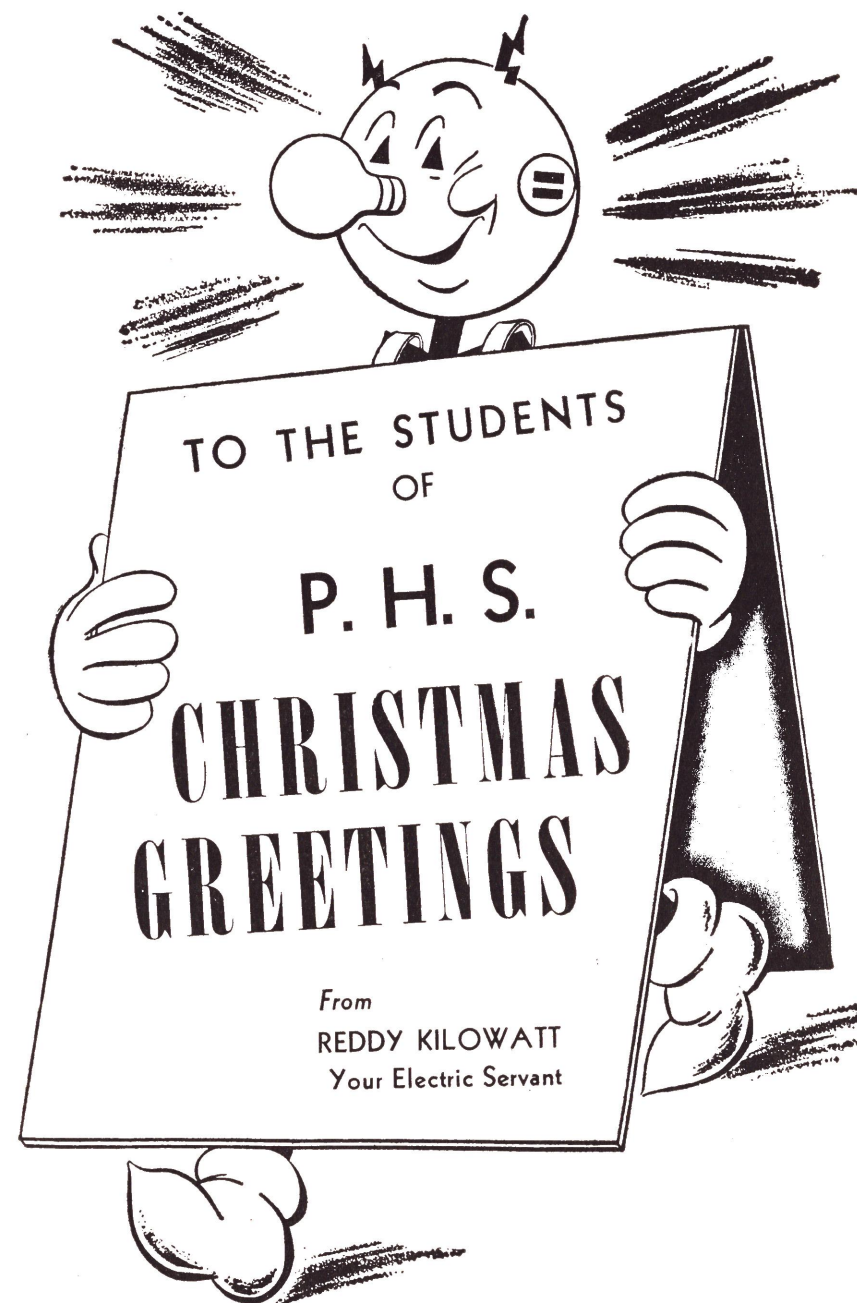
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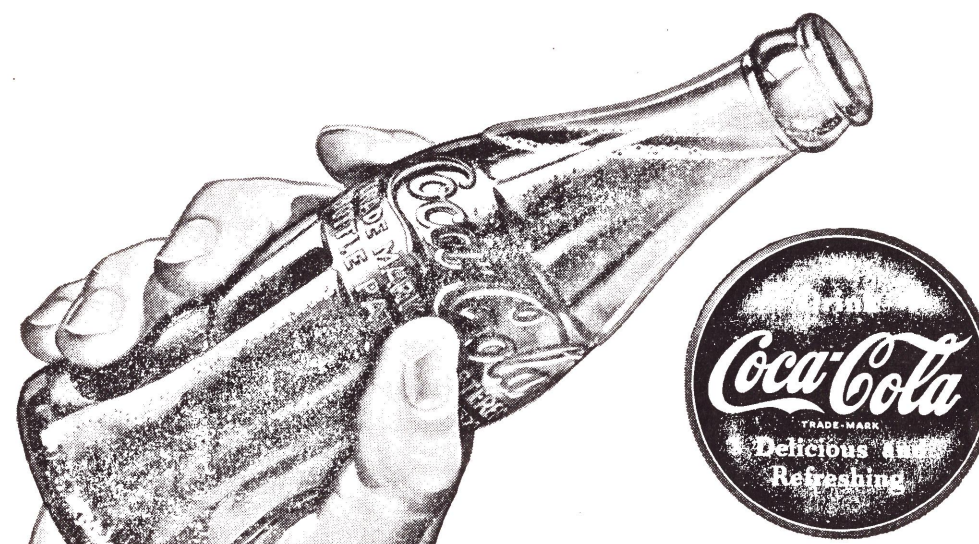
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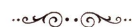
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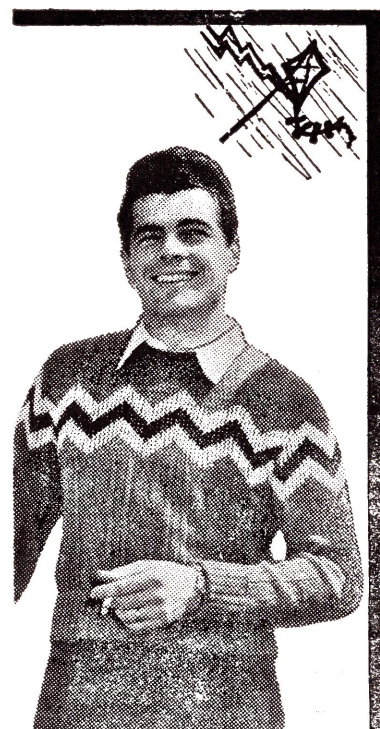
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No doubt you are wishing right now, as you go about your Christmas shopping, that you had a check for \$25.00 or \$50.00 waiting for you at the Bank. So many of our Young Folks have Christmas Club Accounts here!

Stop in and start yours today---50c or \$1.00 saved each week will bring you a check next year.

(We are an old institution that welcomes Young People)

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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



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